Bene. A most manly witte Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call Beatrice, I giue thee the bucklers.

Marg. Giue vs the swordes, wee haue bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you vse them Margaret, you must putte in the pikes with a vice, and they are daungerous weapons for maides.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I thinke hath legges. *Exit Margarite.*

Bene. And therefore wil come. The God of loue that sits aboue, and knowes mee, and knowes me, how pittifull I deserue. I meane in singing, but in louing, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet runne smoothly in the euen rode of a blancke verse, why they were neuer so truly turnd ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue: mary I cannot shew it in rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for scorne, horne, a hard rime: for schoole foole, a babling rime: very ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming plannet, nor I cannot wooe in festiuall termes: sweete Beatrice wouldst thou come when I cald thee?

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Yea signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O stay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you wel now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past betweene you and Claudio.

Bene. Onely foule words, and therevpon I will kisse thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, therfore I wil depart vnkist.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tel thee plainly, Claudio vndergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for

for which of my bad pa
Beat. For them all t
a state of euil, that they w
mingle with them: but fo
suffer loue for me?
Bene. Suffer loue! a
for I loue thee against m
Beat. In spight of yo
you spight it for my sake
uer loue that which my
Bene. Thou and I a
Beat. It appeares not
man among twentie tha
Bene. An old, an old
of good neighbours, if a
toomb ere he dies, he sh
the bell rings, and the wi
Beat. And how long
Bene. Question, wh
rhewme, therefore is it
worme (his conscience) f
be the trumpet of his ow
for praising my selfe, wh
worthie, and now tell me
Beat. Verie ill.
Bene. And how do y
Beat. Verie ill too.
Bene. Serue God, lo
too, for here comes one i
Vrsula Madam, you
coile at home, it is proou
cusde, the Prince and Cl
is the author of all, who
sently?
Beat. Will you go he
Bene. I will liue in thy
thy eies: and moreouer, I